

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

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Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cowper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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Contempt of Court.

Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, and the other on end, directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you the witness?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify. * * * * *

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been; and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that aint one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg!" said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir; he resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger.

Walker, a thin man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger. * * * * *

Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly,

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and was soon after seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—*From the "Attorney," by John T. Irving.*

A SECRET.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned:—

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

Parents Blamable for Children's Cruelty.

Chief of Police, Kennedy, of New York, relates the following experience with boys and sparrows:

"The Common Council of our city determined to import the English sparrow for the destruction of worms which were ruining foliage and flowers; they first passed a law inflicting severe fines upon persons who made war upon these useful and beautiful little birds. Of course we expected that the chief offenders would be boys, whose habits of cruelty at home gave them a relish for wounding, maiming or killing anything that was not specially guarded. Stoning birds, cats and dogs was the normal condition of our New York childhood. As soon as the birds arrived, I took good care to have them liberated in their new home, in the afternoon, in a district which was well stocked with police. In a very short time the birds had roused the destructive passions of the boys, and a small army of them had commenced a vigorous assault upon them with stones. At a favorable moment the police emerged from their hiding places, and gathering up a large crowd of the ornithological assassins, marched them off to the station-house, about the time children would be most likely to be missed from their suppers. This *coup d'etat* produced a widespread consternation in the neighborhood, culminating in an outburst of threatening indignation. I took care that no means could be invoked sufficiently powerful to liberate the boys before the next morning; when, taking position as magistrate, I heard in turn the complaints, and administered, respectively, such a lesson of good manners and humanity, that it was followed with a transformation of the character of New York boys, and showed me that the boys were much better than the careless parents, who, seeing such habits of cruelty in their children, had never given it sufficient consideration to reprove or correct them. Now you see these charming little creatures, which we have substituted for the worms that were destroying our flowers and foliage, flying around with the greatest familiarity, and yet no boy is ever seen stoning them or driving them from their new premises of contentment."—*Animals' Friend.*

THERE are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is they haven't any mind.

An English Woman's Voice.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has lately written the following letter upon the cruelties on horse railways in Scotland. While horses on American railways are overloaded and suffer, we are glad to say that the "miserable skeletons" she speaks of are not seen in this country:

It is difficult to see how the magistrates can enforce the law which righteously protects horses from overwork, ill-usage and being worked in unfit condition, while the tramway horses continue to run as at present. Those who compel the miserable skeletons to toil and sweat up the incline of Leith Street and North Bridge are surely daily committing breaches of the acts of the legislature both for the prevention of cruelty to animals and also for the suppression of shows and habits tending to the demoralization of the public, especially the young; and as the president of the Ladies' Humane Education Committee of the Royal Society of England for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I venture most earnestly to set before you this flagrant violation of these acts. I feel that those who habitually see these horses so maltreated cannot exonerate themselves from great blame if they permit without protest this open violation of the right of every creature to good and fair treatment from the hands of man.

The misery from fear and suffering to the wretched horses must be very great—the dread of falling must nearly equal the anguish of the renewed exertion to get up the cruel incline, at any cost, to which the docile, helpless, quivering creatures, through the stimulus of pain, are urged, when physical power fails, and which the ingenuity of cruelty soon learns to inflict, in order to accomplish the task horses and drivers are engaged to perform. It is impossible for me to express what I feel on seeing these animals—all my life accustomed to horses as I have been. Knowing that a horse would rather die than not do its work, I can estimate what the animal endures when it needs to be goaded to the task it has to perform.

Are Animals Machines?

Animals, our true friends, give us by their gambols and their presence joys which lighten the heart. We amuse ourselves in talking to them, without meditating on what we say.

They introduce into our homes, at all times, a feeling of repose, a sort of intellectual laziness. Families who keep no animals do not know of what they are deprived. And I do not advocate the transforming of animals into instruments of happiness, that our egotism may be gratified without loving them. Although I would by no means wish to battle here with people who deny them a soul, I may hope that the reader reprobates with as much horror as I the system of Descartes and Malebranche which makes of them pure machines. The dumb brute which you cherish, which gazes fondly on you, which follows you through fatigues and perils, and falls exhausted by your side, which will perhaps repine and die upon your grave, is it a piece of mechanism?

The family who possess animals consider them as members of it. They are the friends of the children, of the aged, of every one. We caress them, we speak to them, we hold absurd discourse with them, we become nonsensical in order to derive pleasure from them, we break off our dissertations with bursts of laughter, and our hearts thrill with joy.—*Translated from the German for Animal's Friend.*

THE instincts of the ant are unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.—*Emerson.*

"Grey Friars' Bobby."

Many of our readers are familiar with the story of the Scotch terrier, in Edinburgh, which followed his master to his grave and continued to lie upon it for years, being fed by kind neighbors, and to whom a memorial fountain has been erected near the entrance of Old Greyfriars' Church-yard. The fountain is of Peterhead granite, stands seven feet high, and is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze. The pedestal bears the following inscription: "A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars' Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars' Church-yard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872." The fountain has been erected at the expense of Lady Burdett Coutts, and with the permission of the city authorities.

The following lines are supposed to express the thoughts and feelings of the dog:

I hear they say 'tis very lang,
That years hae come and gane,
Sin' first they put my Maister here,
An' grat an' left him lane,
I could na, an' I did na gang,
For a' they vexed me sair,
An' said sae bauld that they nor I
Should ever see him mair.

I ken he's near me a' the while
An' I will see him yet;
For a' my life he tended me,
An' noo he'll no' forget.
Some blithesome day I'll hear his step,
There'll be nae kindred near;
For a' they grat they gaed awa,
But he shall find me here.

Is time sae lang?—I dinna mind:
Is't cauld?—I canna feel;
He's near me, and he'll come to me,
An' sae 'tis very weel.
I thank ye a' that are sae kind,
As feed an' make me braw;
Ye're unco gude, but ye're no him—
Ye'll no wile me awa'.

I'll bide an' hope!—Do ye the same:
For ance I heard that ye
Had aye a MASTER that ye loo'd,
An' yet ye might na' see;
A MASTER too that ca'd for ye,
(O, sure ye winna flee!)
That's wearying to see ye noo—
Ye'll no be waur than me?

The Quality of Mercy.

The suppression of cruelty to animals by societies, by the police force, and by the judgment of magistrates, is exercising a favorable influence on the human race. No doubt something in the advocacy of kindness to dumb driven creatures is affected, since a man may tenderly care for a horse, and yet abuse his wife and children; still, a fear of penalties will always be repressive, and it will come in time to be natural to transfer care for one living creature to another. It has long been noticed that cruel boys naturally become bad men, and that a tender-hearted boy has within him the element for making a good man. Parents, guardians and teachers cannot take too much pains to impress upon the children under their charge the wickedness of destroying birds' nests, of hurting living animals of all kinds, and of shooting at birds in sport. A feeling of sacredness for life is natural to the heart of every human being, and it only requires cultivation to grow into a strong and enduring sentiment which will guide the actions through each stage of existence. A humane care of animals on the farm would seem then to form a basis for the reception religious instruction, and for leading the way to a still higher civilization.—*New York Tribune.*

Don't Abuse the Old Horse.

The cold winter has come, hay is high, and grain costs the dollars, and many old horses if they could speak, would say, "We dread the winter." If the old faithful servant that has worked for you so many years is not quite as strong or quite as fleet as in years gone by, perhaps he is worth as much to you as to anybody. Good care and generous feeding will make even an old horse more valuable than if starved or abused. If your business requires younger and smarter horse-flesh, keep the old one for the women or children to drive. Old acquaintances are often safer than new ones. If you cannot keep both, give the old one to some old farmer, who you know will be kind to him, with the promise that he shall not trade him off to some brutal master, but will keep him as long as he is worth keeping, and then kindly lay him away where he will be beyond the reach of hunger, cold or pain. Many an old horse, if he knew his situation, would thank his owner to take away his life as a burden too heavy to bear. We have got into the habit of being both too careless and too cruel to old horses in this country. We owe it to them as our servants, as well as to ourselves as human beings, that we see to it that our horses are not necessarily abused or neglected as soon as they begin to show signs of old age.—*N. H. Farmer.*

Breaking the Child's Will.

"No art is so useful in the management of young children (nor is any art so neglected) as that of avoiding direct collision. The grand blunder which almost all parents and nurse-maids commit is, that when the child takes up a whim against doing what he is wanted to do,—will not eat his bread and butter, will not go out, will not come to lessons, etc.,—they, so to speak, lay hold of his hind leg, and drag him to his duties; whereas a person of tact can almost always distract the child's attention from its own obstinacy, and in a few moments lead it gently round to submission. I know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with it and show him that he is the weaker vessel; but my conviction is that such struggles only tend to make his self-will more robust. If you can skillfully contrive to lay the dispute aside for a few minutes, and hitch his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, ten to one he will then give in quite cheerfully; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment."

The same principle applies to a balky horse. "Distract his attention" by giving him an apple or potato or by patting him, or talking to him.

The First Animal Drunkard.

A few days since a dog in Napoleon, Ark., began to act strangely, frothing at the mouth, and manifesting symptoms exactly similar to hydrophobia. His owner valued him and did not like to kill him, so he shut him up to await developments. In a short time he seemed to be all right, and he was turned loose. He only went a few days before he was again attacked with a fit more severe than the first. Several physicians were now called to ascertain if the dog was really mad, and if so, that he might be killed. In was developed in the examination that the dog was a habitual drinker, and that the malady with which he was affected was delirium tremens, and not hydrophobia. The dog has long been a curiosity to the frequenters of the saloon for incessant cravings for liquors (if he had been a biped physicians would have called it dipsomania) and scarcely a day has passed in which his dogship has not been intoxicated, from the dripping of the faucets at the beer tank. He has been seen to drink as high as a quart at a time, and then go staggering around the room as happy as any other drunkard. Certainly the case is a singular one, and deserving of notice; for we very much doubt if there was ever a case of regular delirium tremens known among animals before. The dog was shot—a new way of reforming drunkards!

Communicated.

Death of a Pet Member.

Since you last went to press, one of your annual members has gone to her long home.

For several years she and her companion have called at your office, and through their attorney paid their five dollars each, and seemed to know they were doing the right thing. She was as handsome a setter as we ever saw, and as good as she was handsome. Her gentle manners and loving ways endeared her to all who knew her, and her death has left a void in the hearts of her friends, that can never be filled.

This example is worthy of imitation. Your object is to protect animals from abuse, and all owners of pets of every kind, who can afford it, should, in recognition of your labors, and in compliment to and for the protection of their pets, subscribe to your society in their pets' name.

We urge this, not as a call for charity, but as a right that every lover of animals will recognize, and we hope the time is not far distant when you can show a very respectable list of "Pet Members."

II.

Vivisection.

Can we justly claim to have repudiated, as applied to animals, the celebrated verdict against Dred Scott? "Animals have no rights which men are bound to respect?" It may be replied, "Yes: they can claim as a right not to be subject to needless cruelty." *Needless!* Much turns on that word. In the cause of science (a very indefinite phrase), animals are subjected to the most exquisite tortures. Fifty years ago, the discoveries made concerning the nerves at the expense of suffering innocents threw a glare of splendor around VIVISECTION; and it was thought legitimate to torture cats, rabbits, dogs, and horses, for the instruction of medical pupils, or to repeat and confirm a discovery. This is now disproved by some medical men, probably by many; others totally explode the defence that human welfare requires such cruelties. Eminent physicians have protested that no advantage has accrued to the art of healing from any of these horrors; but it is rare indeed for a physician to avow that they cannot be justified by the desire and hope of extending human knowledge; moreover, the practice of vivisection, with agonies dreadful to narrate, continues systematic, and (I fear) not much abated. Little now is talked of it: the public conscience is known to be uneasy.

Vivisectioners coldly assume that, because a horse is worn out and no longer "worth his feed," and on that account it is resolved to kill him, it is therefore lawful to kill him with torture; such torture, as, if inflicted on a man, would rouse burning indignation in whole nations. The vivisectioner has to prove that he has any such right over another being, equally sensitive as himself. He will not attempt to establish his right by quoting anything about "cursed Canaan"; and it is hard to see (the Bible failing him) what philosophy can justify him. He *hopes*, forsooth, "to enlarge the boundaries of science by it," and "possibly to abate future human suffering." It is well to add *possibly*; but this is a very infirm justification of deliberate torture.—*Prof. Newman in Index.*

PASSED INTO SPACE.

Nov. 15,

Bitty Clover,

AGED 14 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.

Honest tears dropped on your fur, old cat,
We loved you better than you could know;
Over the Border Land you have passed,—
A lonely journey we all must go.

Theology traces no path for you;
You were made by Him; 'tis all we know;
Well pleased, we think, my old mute friend,
You have surely gone where good cats go.

BEATRICE.

Wait for the Wings.

My little maiden of four years old,—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold—
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me;

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
(As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her),
She cried,—“Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a look, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added, “While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!”

They were words to the thoughts of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both!

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?
—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Destruction of Mocking-Birds.

BY SALEM DUTCHER, AGENT OF THE GEORGIA SOCIETY.

That glorious songster of our Southern forests, the mocking-bird, is in danger of extirpation. Thousands are every year taken from the nests only to die in their cages, like the inhabitants of some plague-stricken city. Many fall beneath the fire of mis-called sportsmen, who shoot each feathered thing, from a humming-bird to a crow, and this slaughter must be stopped. In one sense, this noble warbler is the national bird of the South, the pride and glory of that land in which he is alone found.

It would disgrace the whole of this Southern country if so excellent a singer were to perish without one arm being put forth for his preservation.

Elegant Habits of Bees.

Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he indeed, ever notice—the entire *elegance* of the habits and pursuits of the bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odor; their avoidance of every thing squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instance of the carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet and delicate neighborhoods,—thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their works, as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey making of the elegant manufacture of wax (of which they make their apartments), and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference of anything purely regarding themselves apart from the common good. In the morning the bee is honey; in the evening, a waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or in the windows; in the winter, and all other times a meeter of us in books.

A FAITHFUL DOG dies and is missed, a good and stately horse dies and he is missed, the emigration of the birds in autumn is a source of sadness to us, but mean men die and few tears fall.—*Beccher.*

Humanity Series.

The editor of the "Massachusetts Teacher," Prof. B. F. Tweed, thus notices the books that we have heretofore mentioned:

"We have received from our friend, and everybody's friend, including our Dumb Animals,—“The Humanity Series” of school-books edited by Rev. F. O. Morris, London.

It is not intended that the series should supersede text-books now in use,—in fact, they are not in the ordinary sense school-books, but are meant to supplement them, making a specialty of such familiar and striking lessons as will impress on the minds of children the duty of humanity to animals. For gift books they will be found interesting to the young, and the lessons they contain, in the form of anecdote and story, will, not unlikely, remain longer in the memory, and exert more influence on character than many of the more pretentious lessons of the school-room.

"Boys," says DeQuincey, "are naturally cruel"; and Froude tells us that "only men and some of the domestic animals,—that have been educated by men,—kill for sport." It is notorious that wolves and some other animals do kill but rarely, if ever, except for food or in self-defence. We don't find them "spending their vacations" in the *manly* sports so popular among many of our professional men. The great fishes do eat the little fishes, but we never heard of their catching and killing them for mere sport. Is it not possible, then, that DeQuincey is mistaken with regard to boys? Is it not the result of education? But, you say, no respectable man teaches his boys to be cruel to animals. We don't know about that. Of course not by precept. But this is not so much a matter of direct instruction as of example. We recollect being intensely interested, when a mere boy, in the story of Cowper's hares, and we appreciated even then the lines that have saved so many lives:—

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

How many times since have these lines come back and turned our foot aside, that even a "reptile" might live as long as he was not an intruder on scenes "sacred to neatness and repose."

Let, then, the children be made familiar with all those anecdotes that present dumb animals in a semi-human light, and you may be sure that the seed thus sown will bear its appropriate fruit. We commend this series to those who are selecting books for the young."

Dogs Not Deserters.

Your correspondent "C. H." quotes in illustration of the doctrine that dogs are sometimes turncoats and time-servers, the anecdote of the battle of Auray, which decided the fate of Brittany, and says it was a deer-hound which deserted Charles de Blois, and transferred his allegiance to his rival Montfort. But I feel bound to vindicate the character of dogs in this instance by observing that the old French chroniclers, in their account of the legend, speak of the animal which changed sides on the occasion as either a pet white hare, or an ermine (*hermine*): the ermine being the cognisance of the dukes of Brittany. Argentre especially says that the incident gave rise to the institution by De Montfort of the "Order of the Ermine," and the ancient prophecy of Merlin, that he who should bear the ermine on his shield should lose the duchy, incidentally points to the same animal. Until, therefore, your correspondent can give "chapter and verse" in any reliable French chronicle for the animal having been a dog, I shall feel at liberty to hold the charge against the latter animal "not proven"; and as for the Berkeley Castle story, Froissart was not too reliable an anecdoter of this kind, though generally trustworthy in the general thread of history.—*A. C. B., in Land and Water.*

BETTER give to two unworthy persons, than to deny one really in need.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, January, 1874.

1874.

"To look out and not in, to look up and not down, to look forward and not back, and to lend a hand," is a simple recipe which is sure to bring happiness," says an exchange. But, at the opening of the new year, we venture to look back as well as forward, with the hope that some may be encouraged and some may be induced to "lend a hand," and thereby add to their own "happiness." We look back with gratitude for the success of our cause,—for its extension into States heretofore inactive, for its introduction into pulpits and on the lecture-platform, and for an increasing attention by the press; for the better protection of birds and a better appreciation of their value by agriculturists; for greater thoughtfulness for the comfort of animals and a decrease of brutality towards them.

But we look forward and see that the work has but just begun,—that thousands in our best communities have little knowledge of what societies like ours are trying to do, and scarcely realize that animals all about them are suffering for want of proper care, food and rest.

We look forward and think that thousands of mothers never teach their children to be kind to animals, and thousands of fathers never set a worthy example to their sons; that thousands of pulpits throughout this country have never uttered a word in condemnation of cruelty to animals, nor of commendation of the work of societies organized to prevent it.

We look forward and think that in thousands of schools, even in proud New England, the teacher has never realized that he or she has had anything to do with humane education, such as we are trying to introduce.

We look forward and think that there are three hundred towns in this State that do not furnish a single member to this society, that in one-half the towns in the State there are no subscribers to the paper, that in one hundred other towns there is but one,—although we have four hundred agents, representing nearly every town in the Commonwealth, have had travelling agents visiting all sections, and have distributed thousands of documents at agricultural fairs for the past two or three years.

And yet each of these communities, and all the classes of people we have mentioned, will say, "You are doing a good work, we see it every day. Go on, and you have our blessing." But blessings do not pay printing bills, nor rent nor other expenses, and without these expenses the work cannot be continued, and without a contribution from somebody the expenses cannot be paid, *for on or before March 1 the treasury of the Society will be empty.*

So, while we are grateful for what has been done, and hopeful for the future, and confident that the work will not be permitted to cease, we cannot but look forward with a measure of regret that there is a necessity for such a statement and such an appeal, as we make at this opening of what, we trust, will prove to all our members, subscribers and friends everywhere, a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Hippophagy.

This hard word means "the practice of eating horses," and it is believed we shall yet imitate the French and adopt it. A distinguished physician of Boston has sent us a document, written by M. Decroix, for the *Abeille Medicale* of December 1. We have procured a translation of this article and commend its statements to our readers.

Our friend, the physician, is anxious that the use of horse-flesh shall be introduced into this country, not only as a matter of economy, and as a favor to the poor, but as a matter of humanity to the animals. He contends that, if our people can be made to appreciate this meat as the French do, many horses disabled by accident or rendered unfit for use by some circumstance not affecting their general health, will be sold for food, instead of being forced into dump-carts or subjected to a life of torture in other cruel employments.

Of course all animals, before being slaughtered for food, would be subjected to a rigid inspection, to insure freedom from disease. The time is coming when cattle and other animals will be thus inspected, by which the results of present abuse will be developed in a way that will startle meat-eaters in general.

Our friend assures us that he sat down, in Pafis, to a dinner of horse-meat soup, steak and roast, and never relished better the choicest beef in its various forms, and he is well qualified "to know how it is."

What restaurant in Boston will try this experiment?

But first read the subjoined translation:—

EATING HORSE MEAT. BY MONS. DECROIX.

There were used for food in Paris during the third quarters of the several years named below, as follows:—

In 1867, 418 horses, 7 asses and 10 mules; in 1869, 599 horses, 27 asses; in 1871, 724 horses, 82 asses, 10 mules; in 1873, 1,548 horses, 140 asses and 15 mules.

These furnished more than 600,000 pounds of meat, not including the heart, liver, brains, tongue, &c., which are put to the same use as those of cattle.

There are in Paris forty slaughter-houses for horses, which are regularly inspected by government veterinary surgeons. The price of the meat is about half that of corresponding pieces of beef.

Horses, fit for food, which were formerly worth from 30 to 50 francs, are now sold from 130 to 150 francs.

The horses formerly bought by the knackers, who were not interested in giving them any care, are now sold to butchers, who find it for their advantage to give them comfortable shelter and food in order that they may have nourishing meat.

To encourage butchers to follow this course, the committee on horse-meat have from time to time awarded honorary medals.

At the meeting of November 21, 1873, one of these medals was awarded to M. Victor Tétard, who has established six butcher-shops, one slaughter-house and two good stables.

The above statistics show that the use of horse-flesh for food is steadily increasing in Paris, as also in other cities, especially in Rheims, Sedan, Lyons, &c.

In other countries this food is still allowed to be wasted, but the example of France begins to attract attention, as may be seen by the following fact:—

In a conversation lately, about the use of horse-flesh for food, with some English and American people, it was agreed that a dinner of horse-flesh should be served at my house on the twenty-third of November.

The bill of fare was as follows:—

Soup, boiled, sausages, à la mode, broiled tongue, potatoes fried in horse-fat, roast, salad with the oil of the horse, apple fritters fried in horse-fat.

Among the guests were several English and American ladies, who, perfectly convinced by their own experience, are going to make an effort, as friends in Boston and London have already done, to introduce into their own countries the use of this healthy, economical and very nourishing food.

I sincerely hope that this example may be followed by their countrymen.

It is sad that such great quantities of food should be wasted when so many poor persons are deprived of the very necessities of life.

We appeal to the generous sentiments of the English and American press to overcome the prejudice which exists against the new food.

Mr. Bergh's Western Tour

Has been an extended one. He made addresses in Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Columbus, and had a cordial reception; large numbers being in attendance. At Columbus, in addition to the evening meeting, he addressed a meeting of prominent gentlemen at the Board of Trade Rooms, and a State society was formed; a list of officers of which we publish in another column.

We learn that Mr. Bergh intends going further South later in the winter.

SINCE MR. ANGELL'S lecturing tour to the Canadas, he has addressed the Massachusetts Teachers' Association at Worcester, the Weare (N. H.) Society, and the citizens of Lynn at the Universalist church.

Compartment Cars.

Railroad corporations ought to bear in mind that the United States Transportation Law has this condition: "Provided, however, that when animals are carried in cars, * * * in which they can and do have proper food, water, space and opportunity for rest, the foregoing provisions in regard to their being unloaded do not apply."

This is an argument in favor of compartment cars, and drovers would avoid much delay and corporations much trouble, and the cattle be saved much suffering, if such cars could be generally introduced. Corporations interested in the profits of the feed-yards will, of course, have conflicting interests. But this does not lessen present cruelties.

Remer's stock car is fully described in another column. We saw it recently, and it seemed well adapted for the purpose. Parties who had used it assured us that it proved eminently successful. We are anxious to encourage the introduction of all kinds of improved stock cars. Experience will show whose invention is best. In the meantime the experiment just tried, of bringing meat in refrigerator cars, if it prove entirely successful, will be another source of relief to the cattle.

Let us hear from other inventors.

BIRD-HOUSES.—On our last page will be found some cuts of bird-houses, which we hope will induce men and boys, who enjoy a "morning concert," and wish to reduce the number of worms in their garden, to spend some of their leisure time this winter in preparing for the coming of spring, by providing an ornament to the home and a shelter for the birds.

Remer's Stock Car.

A gentleman who has examined this car furnishes us the following description:—

The car is thirty-six feet long (six feet longer than the common car), nine feet wide and six feet six inches high inside. There is a stationary centre partition, from side to side, making, as it were, a double car. It has four sliding-doors, one on each side of the fixed partition, so that the car can be loaded or unloaded at both ends at the same time. In each of the two divisions are swinging partitions fastened to the top by means of heavy eye-hinges, thus dividing the car into four compartments, each capable of holding comfortably four head of heavy cattle or horses. While loading or unloading the partitions are swung up and hooked to the top. Strong oaken troughs are arranged on one side, running from the fixed partition to each end of the car, and that portion of the trough which crosses the door can be moved up so as not to interfere with the loading. On the top there are eight double hoppers, with a capacity for sixteen bushels of grain, and two tanks, each capable of containing one barrel of water. All these are connected with the troughs by pipes, which are opened and closed by levers on the outside. The sides of the car are sheathed half way up, outside and inside. The top half is slatted, but can be rapidly and tightly or partially closed by sliding-panels, hung with weights. At the ends are sliding doors by which to enter, if necessary, whilst the car is in motion. The trucks are of the very best pattern, and the car rides as easily as a coach. Sharp corners and projections on the inside are avoided so that stock cannot bruise themselves.

It is claimed that cattle and horses like association, and are more quiet when they can have it. The majority of the stock have been accustomed to roam at large, and the inventor of this car claims that, by placing four in each compartment, the restlessness which cattle exhibit in stall cars is avoided, at the same time they escape injuries from bruises.

The writer of this has seen every bullock lying down and sleeping in Remer's car, while in motion. In a recent lot of cattle sent in this car to Mr. Low of Fitchburg, no bruises appeared when the cattle were slaughtered.

It is a well-understood fact that animals cannot readily accommodate themselves to different temperatures. For example, cattle sent in ordinary flat cars from Texas to Boston, in the month of January, accustomed as they are to a warm climate, must suffer when they reach this cold northern latitude. By means of the sliding-panels in Remer's cars, they can be closed as tight as is desirable, rendering the stock comparatively warm and comfortable.

The facility of rapid loading and unloading is a claimed advantage of this car, and the feeding and watering conveniences are simple and not liable to get out of order.

Killed in Transportation.

The watchman of the Pennsylvania society reports the number of animals arriving in Philadelphia, which were killed in transportation, between January 1 and December 1, 1873, as follows: 106 cattle and calves, 1,150 sheep and 493 hogs. Inquisitive people might ask if any of the meat of these animals went into market for sale.

"To Brighten the Runners."

This was an excuse of a driver who had driven his team, with a heavy load, through the "burned district," where the "going" was made up of half sand and half snow. His horses were in a reeking perspiration and nearly "blown," but, as he had a new sled, it was very important to brighten the runners!

A New Phase of Cattle Transportation.

A valued correspondent in New York writes us:

"According to your expressed wish to hear occasionally from me, in the interest of your valuable society, I write to inform you of a new phase in the cattle trade. On Saturday the 5th inst. there were sold in the wholesale markets of this city, 840 sides of western dressed beef. This meat arrived in good condition, in the patented cars of the Atlantic Refrigerator Company, and was sold in sides and quarters, from six and one-half and eight and one-fourth cents per pound. This system of forwarding western dressed meats, merits the careful consideration of humanitarians, and of political economists, in that it, at once, puts an end to the sufferings incident (even under good management) to the transit of live-stock, and provides a wholesome description of meat at reasonable rates. Again, in a sanitary point of view, it is highly commendable, as it does away with the necessity of slaughtering in the Eastern cities. Finally, it brings the producer nearer to the consumer, an important item in all commercial transactions, because thus the producer obtains a just share of profits otherwise absorbed by middle-men, and the consumer pays less for a better article.

A WELL-WISHER OF YOUR SOCIETY.

Proposed Work of the Paris Society.

In the report of a special committee appointed by the society at Paris to consider the best means of diffusing ideas of protection, we find the following recommendations, some of which we have already adopted, and others only wait for such a condition of our treasury as will justify the expenditure:—

That placards and pictures illustrating the subject should be placed in all the principal depots, police stations, principal manufactories, in the barracks, schools, town-halls and other public places.

These placards should contain the "Grammont law," with examples of cases where it is applicable; the terms of admission to the society; the prizes that are distributed each year, and the names of the persons who received them at the last meeting of the society.

That the society should publish little books illustrating its principles, to be sold at a very low price, that they may be distributed as widely as possible.

The present diploma of membership should be replaced by one more attractive and ornamental, suitable for framing, and which would thus attract the notice of persons who are strangers to the society.

Meetings to consider the subject should be encouraged.

The ideas of protection should be especially inculcated in children. The committee therefore recommend that a certain number of schools, especially those interested in our work, should each be provided with a medal to be worn each month by the child who has been particularly distinguished for kindness toward animals during the preceding month. At the end of the year the child who had worn the medal the greatest number of months shall receive a reward from the society. [We doubt the expediency of this, as it would be surrounded with difficulties.—Editor O. D. A.]

The committee also recommend the publication of a manual of protective education, which should be distributed in the primary schools, at the expense of the society.

The teacher could select from this manual subjects for reading, dictation, exercises and compositions.

The work should contain only a few pages, and should be divided into four parts: the first to present general principles of humanity; the second to treat of the horse, who ought to be regarded as an intelligent friend, a faithful and devoted servant; the third to advocate the protection of animals, especially birds; the fourth to explain the best means of killing troublesome animals by sparing them useless suffering.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN DECEMBER.

Whole number of complaints, 62; viz., overloading, 11; beating, 5; abandoning, 1; driving when lame and galled, 13; failing to provide proper food, 7; torturing, 1; driving when diseased, 5; defective street, 1; general cruelty, 18.
Remedied without prosecution, 34; not substantiated, 11; under investigation, 6; not found, 4; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 6.
Animals killed, 6; temporarily taken from work, 117.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Maynard, \$5; Gardner, 50 cents; Ayer, \$10.
Police Courts.—Cambridge, \$50; Lowell (2 cases), \$25; Somerville, \$3.
Municipal Courts.—Boston (3 cases), \$30; Dorchester District, \$20; Highland District, \$3.
Superior Courts.—Essex County, \$30; Suffolk County, \$20.
Witness Fees, \$8.20.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Jacob A. Dresser, \$5; F., \$15; E. H. Bradford, \$5; David and Charlotte A. Joy, \$10; Mrs. M. O. Johnson, \$10; Miss Tufts, \$5; Anonymous, \$2; J. B. Bright, \$20; Mrs. Wm. Crosswell, \$1; Mrs. M. B. Barrett, \$100; G. J. F. Bryant, \$25; Zinc Collar Pad Co., \$30; James Jackson, \$5.

SUBSCRIBERS. ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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ENGLISH MAGAZINES. 60 CENTS EACH.

J. S. Miley, George Pigott, Natie S. Robinson, Herman Parker, E. C. Fitz, Kitty L. Sewall, Freeman Hinkley, 2d, Henry W. Hobbs, D. W. Lee, H. N. Tubbs, G. L. Dunham, Mrs. W. H. Slocum, Erwin S. Loyd, Howard Richards, M. Allen Hunt, C. Farley, Mrs. C. J. Pickford, Eliza Sutton, Samuel G. Thaxter, Wm. H. Reed, Willie H. St. John, E. M. Messinger, J. Ellison, R. R. Endicott, Carrie L. Endicott, Neal Rantoul, Miss H. S. Tolman, Irving L. Symmes, Mrs. G. E. Niles, M. R. Sanderson, Miss E. H. Pearson, \$1.20; John S. Andrews, \$1.20; Mrs. R. W. Emerson, \$1.20; Samuel E. Sawyer, \$4.80.

Do Brutes Reason?

A Southern correspondent writes as follows:—

"I should like you to write an article upon this subject, 'Do Brutes Possess Reason,' or, in other words, draw the dividing line between instinct and reason and prove the class to which brutes belong."

In nearly every paper we issue there are acts of animals described which seem to prove that they do reason, and we have felt that such instances are more acceptable than a labored attempt to show the distinction between reason and instinct. But if any of our friends will write a concise statement of the case we will publish it.

Children's Department.

Which is the Better Soldier?

It strikes us that the dog is! He has the most soldierly appearance, and seems to understand the "officer's" commands quite as well as the boy!

Is it not often so? Take the boys, girls and dogs about your house, and which "minds" the best? Which always comes in the first time he or she is called? Which eats what is given him and never complains? Which is most quiet when others are talking?

In other words, could not some boys and a few girls take an example from the fidelity, obedience and good behavior of dogs?

ONE of our boy correspondents says he was reading to some small children a story of a robin which spent a winter in a cold barn. The youngest listener, a three-year-old, said, "Poor 'sing, 'et me warm it," and he repeatedly ran to the stove, warmed his hand and laid it upon the picture of the bird!

Another thoughtful little fellow would not leave some stones, with which he had been playing, in the road, lest they should "hurt the horses' feet."

The Mother Cat and the Dead Bird.

I was visiting at a house a short time since where they are very fond of pets, and my attention was called to two old cats who are as fond of being petted. Hearing a scratching on a door near where I sat, I arose and opened it, when a sleek-looking half-grown kitten came bounding into the room. One of the old cats, the mother of the kitten, at once arose from where she had been sitting very demurely for some time, and, making a peculiar noise, went directly into an adjoining bed-room, followed by kitty, who presently returned bearing very proudly a little dead bird in its mouth. My friend remembered having seen the old cat bring in the bird some time before, and she had hidden it under the farthest corner of the bed, to keep it from the other cat till her kitten came to eat it; and as soon as it came into the room she led him directly to it. Now who can say this old cat did not think? She certainly did, when she hid it, have an object in view, namely, saving the bird for her kitten, and then she must have been thinking about it to jump so quick when he came where she was. If a cat can think about a bird they can feel bad and sorry when little folks hurt and plague them.

I hope none of our dear little readers are ever cruel or unkind to their kitties or other pets.
—Selected.

"WHICH IS THE BETTER SOLDIER?"*Chick-a-dee dee.*

Twenty little chickadees
Sitting in a row,
Twenty pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow!
I should think you'd fly away
Where the weather's warm,
Then you wouldn't have to be
Out there in the storm.

Chilly little chickadees!
I should freeze, I know,
If I had to live out-doors
In the wind and snow;
Don't you find it very cold
For your little feet?
Don't you find it hard to get
Anything to eat?

Hungry little chickadees!
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead;
Anything you like to eat,
You shall have it free,
Every morning, every night,
If you'll come to me.

Jolly little chickadees!
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again
While the weather's rough.
By-bye, happy little birds!
Off the wee things swarn,
Dancing through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm.—*Hearth and Home.*

Pluto.

When I was about six years old my father one day brought home a beautiful little dog, which he told my little brother and myself was to be ours.

How pleased we were; and could you, dear children, have seen him as I now remember him, you would have thought him very pretty. His hair was short and fine, with back and head as black as coal, and breast and legs as white as snow, with bright expressive eyes and beautiful lopping ears. Yes, he was a beauty.

An older sister named our little pet *Pluto*, after a heathen deity, saying that she thought we worshipped the dog, which was quite true, I think.

Pluto was but a few months old when we became possessed of him, and he lived with us six years and a half, but was always small, never weighing over seven pounds. How much we taught him! He could ask for food and drink, jump, dive and roll over, and do lots of funny things. But, alas for me, I could not teach him to read. How many times I tried, but *Pluto* would speak every time alike, giving every letter the same sound. At last, discouraged and vexed, I called him a dunce, at which he seemed so mortified that I pitied him and told him that he was a good dog, which he understood plainly.

"*Pluto*" was our companion in our rambles about the fields and in the woods, when berrying, and dearly we loved our little dog.

But at last *Pluto* was taken sick. How sorry we were! Mother gave him medicine, but he grew worse. We made him a nice bed and watched over him. I well remember how he moaned and cried in his sickness, and how we pitied the poor little creature, and would willingly have suffered for him, and how he seemed to appreciate our kindness and understand our feelings of sympathy. And well do I remember feeling it a duty to pray for *Pluto's* recovery, and when speaking of it to an older brother, he said it would be *insulting* God to pray for a dog. I thought, "I wish God was nearer my age so that he would love little dogs." But *Pluto* died. O! how we wept! It seemed as if one of the family were gone.

I was twelve years old then, and my brother was ten. *Pluto* was buried beneath the shadow of an oak tree in the back part of father's farm. A slate stone, bearing this inscription, "*Pluto, aged 6 years.*" marks his resting place. Many times have I shed tears over the grave of my little dog, even since grown to womanhood.

Children, be kind to animals. God made them for our benefit and comfort. I never knew a child that was kind to animals to grow up vicious and ugly.—*Young Pilgrim.*

Would it please you most to be called the smartest or the kindest boy in the neighborhood?

The "Black-Snake" Whip.

A correspondent of the "Cleveland Leader," in advertising a certain hotel, says:

Among his attractions Mr. — keeps a menagerie on a small scale in an enclosure in the rear of his hotel. He has a live young alligator he is domesticating. *Arming himself with a drover's whip, one of the black-snake species*, he advanced to the tree, to which a very handsome black bear was chained, and for several minutes he put him through his paces, inducing the intelligent bruin, *by alternate punishment and words*, to sit upright, to climb to the top of the tree, and at that "bad eminence" to seat himself in an arm-chair, while he surveyed the bystanders with a look of profound dignity and intelligence. In this enclosure, also, were pens containing a splendid buffalo calf, a beautiful deer, eagle, owl and one of the prettiest red foxes I have ever seen.

Several lady guests were among the spectators, for no one could resist the animal magnetism of the lively host, who then showed me through his well-appointed livery, barn and stables, all fitted up with exquisite taste, and made supremely comfortable for man and beast.

We wonder if he uses the black-snake whip upon his horses, and upon the "beautiful deer," and the other animals that he is "domesticating." And the question is worthy of consideration, whether his "animal magnetism," which is so irresistible, could not have been used to advantage in training the animals, by a method more acceptable to the "lady guests" among the spectators.

"FIVE DOLLARS OR NOTHING."—A friend of mine, a good Christian man, told me a few days ago that his only daughter asked him one day to obtain a little dog for her to play with, and thinking to do a kindness for some poor man's pet he went to the pound-keeper and asked him what he would sell him a dog for. "Five dollars," was the surly reply of the official, leading the way to the cages. "I will give you three dollars for that little black and tan," said the visitor, pointing to a little black and tan. In a moment, without a word of reply, a spiked club brained the poor dog. The human brute thought it was the dog's master, undoubtedly, and with a look of satisfaction turned toward him to watch the effect upon the visitors countenance, who with loathing disgust departed from the scene.—*Animal's Friend.*

THE Houlton (Me.) "Pioneer" says that Dr. Innis of that village, has in his stable a young deer which was brought to him from a lumber-camp several weeks ago. When let loose in the stable, it went directly to the stall in which was kept a kind and gentle mare. Both animals seemed pleased with the newly-formed acquaintance, the deer taking kindly to the mare, who regarded it with warm maternal affection. They have become so firmly attached to each other that they are uneasy when separated. When they are in the street together they attract an interested crowd.

CONDORS.—Three of these remarkable birds, brought to this country from the Rio Negro, in Patagonia, measured from eleven to twelve feet across the wings. The two males were thought to be upwards of twenty years of age. The Chilians say that the condor breeds once in two years, and makes no nest, but lays two large, white eggs on the overhanging shelf of a bare rock. The young ones remain covered with a black down like a gosling, without the power of flight, for one entire year, roosting with the parent bird on the same inaccessible cliff.

NOTICE the suggestion on our third page in regard to pet members.

Do YOU notice the new type in our paper? We do.

Benny.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat by way of entertainment,
Striking off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store,
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore.
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mein indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer;
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister,"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping,
Thankful tears, O Undefined!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

—Selected.

Stable and Farm.

THE Waltham Farmers' Club have recently taken for the subject of an evening's discussion the following: "Cruelty to animals, in what does it consist and what are the remedies?" The Secretary, Nathan Warren, Esq., read a valuable essay on the subject, and several gentlemen took part in the discussion. We wish all farmers' clubs in the State would imitate this example, and shall be glad to furnish documents to aid in the debate.

Protection of Birds, etc.

The following advertisement appeared in Woodstock, Vt., papers. Let other farm-owners do likewise:

NOTICE!!

After this date, I request all persons to refrain from hunting, shooting or trapping any bird or beast on the "Darling Place" (Hartland Hill), and the "Mecham Farm," at West Woodstock.

I own only seventy acres of land, it is true. But I have earned that land entirely by my pen, and I claim the right to protect from injury every one of "God's small creatures" that seeks shelter there.

I trust no sportsman will disregard this notice, because, as a woman, I publish it as a request.

MARY FRANCIS.

BRIGHTBRANK, WEST WOODSTOCK, NOV. 10, 1873.

Seneca S. Winslow, of the same town, publishes a similar advertisement.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Are our Dumb Animals Deaf?

We should sometimes think so, to hear the loud voice of the teamsters—loud enough to halt all the ploughmen's teams in the neighborhood—and all this, perhaps, from a false education that afterwards becomes a fixed habit, not easily got rid of.

A much better way we once observed at the New York State Fair, at Albany, where a deaf and dumb man showed what he knew about driving oxen. It was at a trial of trained cattle. He had a pair of Devon twin oxen, four or five years old. He used a whipstock, with which he made a motion for the then unyoked oxen to go from him at least fifty yards, then turn and come back. They afterwards performed many wonderful manoeuvres by the motion of his whip, and, of course, no sound of a name or voice. The reader can best judge which is the best mode of driving.

That deaf and dumb teamster took the highest premium.

Another remarkable instance of trained steers occurred at Barre, Worcester West Agricultural Fair, in 1872, when Rev. Mr. Murray noticed in his dinner-table speech the boy, Miller, of Phillips-ton. He was not deaf or dumb, but had the best government of any youth we ever saw. Mr. Murray did not overestimate the worth of the example for men and boys of any age, in order to have more safe cattle and horses to use for any purpose.

C. R.

COLONEL PORTER D. TRIPP, who died at his home in Arlington in November, brought home with him from the war a fine and favorite horse, for whom he bespeaks of the family the utmost care and kind treatment during his natural life, and stipulates that after his decease the body shall be delivered to a skilful taxidermist, who shall cause the skin to be stuffed and handsomely mounted; also that this likeness of the horse shall be enclosed in a large glass case and placed in one of the rooms of the house, where it may always be open to inspection.—*Advertiser.*

AN ANTIQUARY, travelling in Wales, observed a stone standing erect, and which he thought must have been Druidical or Roman. He asked his guide why it was erected. The Welsh cicerone answered, "For the cattle to rub themselves against."

Ohio Society.

HEAD-QUARTERS AT COLUMBUS. ORGANIZED DEC. 19, 1873.

President, Judge James L. Bates; *Vice-Presidents*, Governor Edward F. Noyes, Ex-Governor Wm. Dennison, Hon. George M. Parsons, Hon. H. J. Jewett, Hon. John G. Deshler, Dr. J. W. Hamilton, John Joyce, Hon. John G. Thompson, Hon. M. A. Daugherty, Major Jacob Reinhard, Peter Ambos and F. C. Sessions; *Executive Committee*, Gen. John G. Mitchell, Theodore Comstock, Walstein Failing, T. W. Tallmadge, E. L. Hinman, D. W. Brooks, T. Ewing Miller, P. W. Huntington, Richard Nevins, Wm. B. Hayden, J. A. Scarritt, Jacob Voglegesang, Yeatman Anderson, Edward Taylor and Captain Wm. Riches; *Treasurer*, —; *Secretary*, —; *Committee to Draft Constitution*, W. C. Brown, Gen. W. A. Knapp and Col. J. A. Scarritt.

We congratulate Ohio upon having a *State Society* which can occupy all the ground not now covered by the Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati Societies. These societies are doing excellent work, but propose to cover only their immediate localities.

Portsmouth (N. H.) Society.

This society recently elected the following officers:—

President, Hon. T. E. D. Marvin; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Burroughs, Mrs. I. Goodwin, Mrs. A. L. Jones, Mrs. Stanton Parker, Mrs. Winchester, Dr. D. H. Pierce, Mr. W. F. Parrott, W. H. Y. Hackett, J. S. H. Frink, Frank Jones; *Directors*, Mrs. John J. Pickering, Miss E. H. Pearson, Mrs. F. W. Miller, Miss Sarah Peirce, Mrs. A. W. Haven, Miss Eliza Rice, Mrs. W. C. Knight, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Susan Christie, Rev. Canon Walsh, Rev. L. L. Harmon, Dr. A. P. Stevens, Wm. H. Sise, A. R. Hatch, J. B. Tiffany, L. E. Smith, Dr. J. R. May, E. D. Coffin (two vacancies); *Secretary*, Dr. C. A. Norton; *Treasurer*, Charles Akerman.

Appropriate and interesting remarks were made by Hon. W. H. Y. Hackett, A. R. Hatch, Esq., Rev. Canon Walsh and Drs. Stevens and Norton, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Pickering for her untiring labors in behalf of the society.

A children's fair was lately held in that city, having been originated by Miss Mabel Storer (grand-daughter of Gov. Goodwin) and Miss Kimball. These children were about twelve years of age, and, with their young assistants, realized \$245.69, which was donated the above society.

A worthy example to be followed by children in other localities.

Weare (N. H.) Society.

ORGANIZED DECEMBER 23, 1873.

President, W. H. Gove; *Vice-President*, Z. Breed; *Secretary*, B. T. Jameson; *Treasurer*, Jason P. Simons; *Prosecuting Officer*, A. J. Morgrave.

The five above-named gentlemen constitute the Board of Directors. Mr. Angell delivered an address in this place on the second instant.

York Co. (Pa.) Society.

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER 24, 1873. OFFICE AT YORK.

President.—Wm. M. Baum, D. D.*Vice-Presidents*.—James Kell, William Hay.*Secretary*.—John A. Wilson.*Treasurer*.—Charles S. Weiser.

Managers.—A. B. Farquhar, Wm. Gilberthorpe, A. J. Glossbrenner, Dr. J. D. Heiges, J. C. Lutweiler, Dr. C. M. Nes, D. E. Small, Rev. S. M. Smith, John Zellers, Rev. H. E. Niles, Rev. C. W. Thompson, John B. Welsh, Fitz James Evans.

THE Portland (Me.) Society reports excellent success in its work. One hundred cases investigated and several prosecuted.

BIRD HOUSES.

Hints for the Occupation of Long Winter Evenings and Stormy Days!



